THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Printed by *Woodruff & Pechin*, N°. 224, Market-ſtreet, near Seventh-ſtreet.

Vol. 1. *Saturday, Auguſt* 15, 1795. No. 28.

FANNY:
OR, THE
HAPPY REPENTANCE.

[Continued.]

WHEN Fanny awaked from her ſleep of ſtupifying ſorrow, with feeble and dying accents ſhe cried, but could you betray me? Could you offer to another, that tenderneſs you had ſworn to me? Are you really married a ſecond time? Have you another wife? Barbarous man! Could you go? Are you gone? Gone, and left me to diſgrace, and ſhame, and death. I am no longer your Fanny. But why, my lord? Ah, why? Was it your fortune, your rank, that I loved? You read in my heart, that heart which you have now torn in pieces. You knew that I adored nothing but yourſelf. And yet, O my God! my everlaſting God! it is you that expoſe me to ſhame; it is you that break my heart, and bring my father to the grave. Her agitations once more overcame her; never, ſure, did this wretched world produce a more pitiable object.

Lord Darnton's meſſenger entered his houſe, followed by the unfortunate old man. No ſooner did his lord ſee him, than he aſked him concerning the event of his meſſage. He gave him, for anſwer, the thouſand pound note. What! cried his lordſhip, had he the impudence to refuſe my favour? He is here, replied the ſervant. Let him come in, ſaid my lord, in wrath; I know how to treat people of his ſtamp. Adams entered, and threw himſelf at his lordſhip's feet. Yes, my lord, ſaid the unhappy father, with floods of tears, I refuſed the price of my diſgrace, becauſe my honour is not to be purchaſed. I am ſenſible that I am a dependent of your family, and that reſpect and ſubmiſſion are my duty. I did every thing in my power to prevent my lord, your nephew, from ſo diſproportionable a match; but he would not liſten to me: He was determined to poſſeſs my daughter, but he previouſly married her. Our fate is in your hands, my lord, but the knot has been tied in the face of heaven, and it is heaven alone that can diſſolve it. Our only misfortune is my humble condition, and my poverty: My family has ever been irreproachable. Would you, my lord, deprive a father, a mother, and a daughter of their lives, poor unhappy people that eſteem their honeſty their greateſt bleſſing? Let me embrace your knees, and look upon a miſerable father, that appeals to your humanity and your juſtice. To do you juſtice, replied his lordſhip, I ſhould drive you this moment out of my houſe. How could you have the impudence to refuſe my favour? Though you had an hundred daughters, you inſolent old man, a thouſand pounds would be too great a price for them. —Hear me—Do not abuſe my kindneſs—Take back the bill—Go; and do not think of ſeeing me any more.

No, ſaid the courageous Adams, with that noble indignation which raiſes the ſpirit above all rank, I will not go. I only aſk for juſtice my lord, and I will have it. You ſhall either this moment run me through the body, or I will have recourſe to every court of juſtice in London. I will petition his majeſty: I will lay before him my grievances, my diſtreſſes, and my rights. I am, proceeded the honeſt man, with all the eloquence of anguiſh, I am a poor farmer; but my lord, I am a father, and an injured father. My complaints will be heard; they will be echoed from every heart, and the world will pronounce between us. I have reaſon and juſtice on my ſide. My grief diſtracts me, my lord!—No—I never can think that lord Whatley has formed any other connections—This is only a pretence to try my integrity. Ah! my lord! once more behold at your feet an unhappy father, who will never quit this poſture until he moves your compaſſion. You cannot be capable of an action ſo unworthy of your rank. Come, ſaid lord Darnton, I will give you two thouſand pounds, and let me hear no more of you or your daughter. My lord, you will not hear me; your ſecond propoſal, I preſume to ſay, is a freſh attack on my life and honour. You ſhall take that life my lord; you ſhall embrue your hands in my blood; I will return no more to my daughter. Inſolent man! Do you threaten me?—I will die, or obtain your conſent to a marriage that will not diſcredit you. Fanny was a girl of virtue. My lord, expect the utmoſt from my diſtraction; it is very dreadful. Do you threaten me, you audacious earth worm? Know the inſignificancy of your pretenſions. I perceive on what your obſtinacy and your haughtineſs are founded: You imagine that your daughter was legally married to my fooliſh nephew. I would have owed to your compliance and your duty, what I ſhall obtain by law. Know then that your claims are a jeſt, that your daughter has been the inſtrument of Whatley's pleaſures; in ſhort, that the marriage you have the preſumption to inſiſt on, was nothing more than a ſtratagem to obtain what was, certainly, never worth two thouſand pounds. What!—My daughter not married to lord Whatley!—She never was, ſhe has only been his miſtreſs, my friend, and I think in that inſtance, his lordſhip, my nephew, did you no little honour.

A thunderſtroke could not have ſmitten poor Adams more violently. He fell ſenſeleſs to the ground. Lord Darnton went out of the room, and coldly ordered his people to take the poor man to the air until he ſhould come to himſelf, and then to pay him two thouſand pounds. There was a ſcene that might have moved the heart of a ſavage. The poor old man lay extended on the floor, his grey hairs ſoiled with duſt and tears—He hardly breathed, and the paleneſs of death was on his countenance. A ſervant, who had more humanity than his maſter, was moved with compaſſion for the unfortunate man; he took him by the arm, and endeavoured to recover him. Adams opened his eyes, and with a bitter exclamation, threw himſelf again on the floor, crying they have deceived my daughter; ſhe is not married. O my God! my God! He roſe haſtily, and was going to ſeek lord Darnton, but his ſtrength failed him; he was obliged to ſit down, and could do nothing but vent his anguiſh in a torrent of tears. The compaſſionate domeſtic endeavoured to comfort him; he exhorted him to be reconciled to his misfortunes, repreſented the quality and power of lord Darnton, and concluded, with relating to him all the circumſtances of Whatley's pretended marriage with Fanny. Adams, in diſtraction, tore his hair, and talked of ſtabbing lord Darnton. The ſteward brought him two thouſand pounds ready told. Adams daſhed them from him with all the rage of honeſt indignation. Wretch! let your maſter keep his infamous wealth! Go, he has already more than ſufficiently inſulted my grey hairs—I ſee that I have no other protection, nor other avenger than my God—I implore his aſſiſtance; and he will puniſh the villains that have deceived my child, my poor Fanny. Ah! my friend, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to the charitable domeſtic that took him by the hand, and would have ſoothed him, if you knew what a woman they have injured!—Ah! my poor children!—How ſhall I bear to tell you this dreadful ſtory?—I find I ſhall die in this place—Here my body ſhall lie, and call down the divine vengeance. The Supreme Juſtice can redreſs the meaneſt of his creatures, and He will not refuſe his ſuccour.

The worthy father was diſtracted with grief—He would throw himſelf, he ſaid, at the feet of the king; he would purſue Whatley; he would petition the houſe of lords. The ſervant, by degrees brought him to a ſenſe of his ſituation, told him that every extremity, even death itſelf, would be vain, and repreſented to him the authority of the great, who always trample on the rights of the poor with impunity. At length he drew him to a little diſtance from lord Darnton's houſe, and conveyed him to the lodgings of his wife. She received the unhappy Adams with that humanity peculiar to thoſe whom the inſolence of grandeur and fortune has denominated the meaner ſort of people, a humanity which is certainly preferable to the ſuperficial and heartleſs politeneſs of the ſplendid and the gay.

The ſituation of Adams is not to be deſcribed: his general exclamations were, My dear Fanny! My poor daughter! Child of my heart! How have they diſhonoured thee? Thee! to whom honour was more precious than life!—Ah! why did not the traitor Whatley rather ſacrifice you in the boſom of your father? Then the poor man would weep, as if his ſoul would waſte itſelf in tears.

The generous domeſtic, ſtill more moved at his ſufferings, pretends ſickneſs that he might continue with Adams, who had the ſpirit to write a letter to lord Darnton, filled (to uſe an expreſſion of Statius) with all the majeſty of grief. It will be no way ſurpriſing to hear a farmer talk in this ſtrain, when it is remembered that Adams had a liberal education. Beſides, a virtuous mind calls forth its powers, is elevated and exalted, acquires a kind of conſcious dignity and ſuperiority in thoſe circumſtances which ſtrongly affect its intereſts. It is obſervable that men have acted prodigies of valour, firmneſs, and eloquence, when they were excited by the great emotions of nature, the only ſource of ſhining deeds and diſtinguiſhed talents. The old man's letter was conceived in the following terms:

"Barbarous man! it is before the throne of everlaſting juſtice that I ſummon you, and you ſhall

there take your trial. You have brought disgrace and shame into the last paths of my life. To recompence the labours of an old servant, who has eat his morsel of bread with the honest sweat of his brow, you have brought distraction into his heart, and betrayed the honour of his child, even in his own bosom—But know, unfeeling man, that heaven will call you to a strict account for those tears, and that blood which now drops from me. Your execrable nephew— I have already summoned him to the tribunal of God, that tribunal which is not to be corrupted—He will give us vengeance, He will give us vengeance. You will one day suffer remorse for your abominable crime, but it will be too late; your wretched victims will be in the grave, and from that grave their voices shall pierce the sky. You have disgraced my old age—You have sunk under a load of infamy a man, a whole family that served, loved you, and grew under the shadow of your protection—You have trod upon weakness and innocence. I give up to you, and your perfidious nephew, the farm and the property that was entrusted to me. May hell open, with all its horrors, to swallow you both! We will go to bathe with our tears some other place, to give up our torn hearts to misery and anguish, and there lose our last sighs. May this letter urge to your heart every painful arrow you have sunk in mine! A man reduced to extremeties as I am, is above all fear—Dispatch us quickly—For that is the crime you will add to those you have already committed.—It will undoubtedly be less horrible, and it is all that Adams is willing to owe to you." [To be continued.]

FOR THE PHILADELPIA MINERVA.

LAST Sunday, as I had forgot the new regulations which have lately been adopted, I went to church an hour before the service began; and to fill up the time, I resolved to walk in the grave-yard: after I had been walking here some time, I began to examine the stones to see who were deposited under them. On the first stone on which I cast my eyes, I found the person's name and a long list of virtues, unmixed with vice, and the whole concluded with an account of the universal sorrow that his death had occasioned—happy man! (exclaimed I) and still more happy they who had the honour of calling you their friend—come hither, mistaken misanthrophists, come and see justice done to the truly good and wise, and give up your falacious ideas of the depravity of human nature. On this I turned round, and the next grave that presented itself to my eyes was without a stone. What (said I) and had this man no virtues—was his life so blank that in the whole course of it they could not find one action worthy of record, or were his friends so extremely just, that they would not record his virtues without his vices, and therefore had rather his name would be buried in the grave with him, than handed down to posterity sullied with vices which they would not hide—with this I turned with horror from the grave as from polluted ground. The next grave that caught my attention, was one with a small head-stone almost covered; I went up, and upon removing the grass, read the following inscription—"Here lies the body of Eugenius, who departed this life—aged"—Ah! Eugenius (cried I) and is that all that future ages are to know of thee,—Is the amiable—the benevolent, the brave Eugenius to be buried in oblivion among a herd of beings who had not even the genius to discover thy excellence? Was it for this thy soul soared above the common herd of man and rose in perception like a God?—Was it for this you trod the sacred paths of science and discovered truth in her inmost recesses?—Was it for this thy heart was always open to relieve the unfortunate and needy, 'til at length by relieving the wants of others thou thyself was reduced to want which none would relieve—No! my Eugenius, though avarice has denied thee the sculpture marble, yet are thy name and virtues engraven in everlasting characters on every virtuous mind that knew thee; and that fell monster Morvin who has thus reduced thee to this humble grave, shall be remembered with deserved detestation. But I will return to yon proud monument and endeavour to remember who it is that is there panegyrised; for perhaps he as little deserves it as Eugenius does this humble grave—Gracious heaven! 'tis Morvin, the base, the perfidious Morvin! Well have thy heirs repaid thee for that mine of wealth which thou hast wrung with oppressive hand from the miserable and needy. I could say no more—choaked with indignation and rage, I sat down upon the grave that lay between Morvins' and Eugenius'—that poor humble grave from which I had before turned away with so much horror, and now began to think that it might be perhaps the grave of some virtuous man, who having in vain long contended with the storms of adversity, at length found refuge in this lowly haven. But what could exceed my amazement when upon recollection, I found it to be the grave of the good, the virtuous Alcanor—Gracious God! (cried I) and is this the repository of all that wisdom and virtue—that great mind of my benevolent benefactor—and will this grave be trampled with scorn under foot by every person whose curiosity may lead him to visit these tombs? No! (said I exultingly) I will erect to thy memory a monument that shall eclipse this proud marble that now so falsely panegyrises folly and vice, and on it future ages shall read that, Alcanor was a man possessed of every virtue that can adorn his species, and that Morvin was a hell-born monster—at this moment I remembered the discourses I had heard from the good old Alcanor on humility and the immortality of the soul, and thus continued my soliloquy—No! respectable manes, I will not insult you by inscribing over you a panegyric at which when living (tho' justly yours) thy modesty would have revolted—No! thou art now beyond the reach of the praise or calumny of unjust mortals—thy soul is now at rest in eternal happiness and again art thou joined in indissoluble bands of friendship with thy beloved Eugenius—no more will thy delicate soul be tormented with the ingratitude of those men for whom thou part sacrificed thy fortune and thy ease—But thou, Morvin—at these words the bustle of the people going into church roused me from my reverie and I followed them. XAVIARA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINREVA.

To Miss C——

SWEET as the dew-drops of the morn,
Or blooming roses fragrant hue,
Or incense of the breathing thorn,
And hyblæan aromatics too—

With lowly homage I address
Thee, fairest of the virgin train;
Nor can my ardent heart express,
The pure, unfeigned, love-fraught strain.

What soul unmov'd can view thy mien
Imparting grace—lovely maid!
Fair as an oriental Queen,
In shining majesty array'd.

O hear the cordial voice of love,
Of love unstain'd by base deceit;
May soft relenting pity move
To answer kindly my complaint.

Could I but hope? a partial gleam,
A ray, would light my love-sick breast,
Thy graces still must be my theme,
Still show the transports of the bless'd.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

The following lines addressed to Mr. *John Poor*, principal of the *Young Ladies Academy*, by a lady who formerly belonged to the institution, I take the liberty to present for publication in your very instructive paper.

IN oriental climes the female mind,
Is still to dark oblivious shades consign'd;
No tint of science beams its lucid rays,
No blooming wreath of never fading bays;
No studious walks with vernal beauties grac'd,
No smiling sisters in proportion plac'd,
Who toil with rapture, for the mighty prize,
With quick perception beaming from their eyes,
Expel'd, secluded darkness veils the sight,
Bereft of all-inspiring mental light!
E'en where refining knowledge most prevail'd,
And proud usurping tyranny had fail'd;
Dim shone the rays, the transient *empire* past,
To gloomy shades exil'd and overcast.
Yet science here erect and bold appears,
And unsubdu'd the solid fabric rears;
Sublime it points its ever tow'ring height,
Firm on the basis of *eternal right!*
Nature in festive joy exults to see,
The wide, expanded, scientific tree.
To you, Dear Sir, our grateful praise belongs,
Your deeds must prove the burden of our songs;
Your kind exertions and attentive care,
Inspire and bless the bright surrounding fair;
Touch'd by thy potent renovating hand,
Discordant ignorance flies a happy land,
Illuminating science beams her light,
And mists exhale before the female sight.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Extempore on hearing Miss S—— MX—— sing.

ORPHEUS of old, whene'er he sung,
The list'ning woods entranc'd;
While rocks, enamour'd of his tongue,
In joyous pastime danc'd.

If brutes, enraptur'd by his lute,
Resistless own'd his sway,
Thy voice, seraphic, could dispute
The magic of his lay.

With thy *Promethean* skill endow'd,
More worlds to me should yield,
Than that vast host, who, trembling bow'd
To Cæsar in the field.

HORATIO.

On the Death of an Infant.

SWEET Innocence, thy doom is past,
And cruel Death his dart hath cast;
How happier far thy fate must be,
Than those who liv'd thy end to see.
Weep not my friends I lie at rest,
In realms of joy Eliza's blest;
I'm gone to join the heav'nly choir,
Where, once we meet, we'll part no more.

UGLY SIGHTS.

THE most common and ugly sights to be seen in this unseemly world, are Lawyers without honesty, Physicians without sympathy, Soldiers without courage, Priests without religion, Virgins without modesty, and Men without humanity.

To a bad Fidler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well he mov'd Old Nick,
Whilst thou mov'st nothing—but thy fiddle stick.

Philadelphia, *Auguſt* 15.

The Preſident of the United States arrived in town on Tueſday laſt, from his ſeat at Mount Vernon.

The following are the circumſtances reſpecting the taking by the Britiſh, of the diſpatches from Mr. Munroe, our Miniſter at Paris, to Mr. Randolph, Secretary of Sate.

The diſpatches were on board an American veſſel that fell in with the Britiſh Ship Argonaut the capt. of which took her and ſent her to Halifax, having opened the diſpatches and ſent a copy of them by her. The Argonaut afterwards put the originals on board a veſſel bound to the ſame place; and in the care of a Britiſh officer named Apthorp. This veſſel was taken by the French privateer Coquette and ſent into Newport. There our informant ſaw the open diſpatches in the hands of Mr. Gardiner, who ſaid he had read them, and mentioned ſome important parts of a very lengthy letter from Mr. Munroe.

Mr. Munroe writes, that the treaty with Britain had come indirectly to the knowledge of the French government, who were much diſſatisfied with it. The committee of public ſafety called on him for further information, which he owned he could not give, telling them he had nothing to do with it, that it was an operation of his government out of his province, for which he could not therefore be accountable. He mentions his ſituation to have altered materially in conſequence of the jealouſy the treaty had created.

The packet contained alſo a letter from our conſul at Bourdeaux, nearly to the ſame purport as Mr. Munroe's.

This information is important as it exhibits another trait of the *friendly regard of the Britiſh* for us, and alſo as it gives an inſight into the diſpoſition produced in France by our propoſed treaty with Britain.

A correſpondent aſks, whether the public will have a ſight of the late diſpatches from Mr. Munroe, which contain authentic information as to the impreſſion made on the French by our treaty with England. As our good friends the Britiſh have taken the liberty of peeping into them, perhaps the citizens of the union will for once be allowed to become acquainted with their own ſecrets.

[*Aurora.*]

The accounts of a peace being concluded with the Dey of Algiers, as publiſhed, are premature. Col. Humphreys, who was charged with the miſſion, had only reached Gibraltar, at the date of our laſt accounts.* That he will accompliſh a peace and a redemption of our unhappy brethren there, is probable; as he had with him the military apparatus which the Dey demanded as the price of both.

A treaty of peace between France and Spain, has long been the topic of converſation. The event is probable. When Rubel reported the treaty with Pruſſia, to the convention, he mentioned, that other important negociations were in train. Theſe could not allude to the treaties with the petty ſtates of Germany. That Spain was the ſubject of them, appears by letters from Paris, as late as June 5, which mention the terms of the treaty having been laid before the convention; and from Havre, under the date of June 12, from a gentleman of information, which ſtate, "The terms of peace with Spain, have been read in the convention; by which the Spaniards are to pay an indemnity of one million of dollars, and are to enter into an alliance with France offenſive and defenſive." It is conjectured, that the delays attending this negociation are intentional; to give opportunity to the Spaniards to ſecure their ſhipping. [*Boſton Paper.*]

NEW-YORK, Auguſt 8.

We underſtand that an American veſſel was recently boarded on her paſſage from Jeremie to New London, by a Britiſh frigate, and out of four hands, three were preſſed, leaving the captain, mate and one ſailor to navigate her into port. When the maſter remonſtrated againſt this extraordinary conduct, he was anſwered that in conſequence of Mr. Jay's treaty, the Britiſh and Americans were united into one band of brothers, and as ſuch they would have no objection to aid the cauſe of the mother country by every meaſure of fraternity in their power. Providentially no extraordinary weather occurred to render the management of the veſſel impracticable under this deſtitution of hands; but if it had, inevitable deſtruction muſt have enſued; and if ſo, this evidence of Britiſh fraternization would have afforded little compenſation and comfort for the loſs of valuable property, and the ſtill more valuable lives of the perſons who were permitted to remain on board.

This account though not yet authenticated by the affidavit of any perſon that we know of, is rendered more than probable by the ſtriking reſemblance it exhibits to the conduct of the Britiſh at Jeremie—though that ſhameful fact is ſubſtantiated beyond the poſſibility of doubt, it is ſtill diſputed by ſome of our warm advocates of Britiſh ſupremacy and American dependence. A ſet of beings who invariably, however ſecretly, exult in every meaſure calculated to advance the intereſts of the former at the expenſe of the latter. It may be obſerved *en paſſant*, that ſince the treaty, the conduct of the Britiſh has been more daring than ever. The inſtance of the Britiſh frigate within our waters in ſtopping a New England ſloop to ſeize Mr. Fauchet, is truly infamous. In this however they were diſappointed. But what ſhall we ſay of ſtopping an American veſſel at ſea, by a Britiſh veſſel, the ſeizure of papers, breaking open diſpatches from Mr. Munroe to our Executive? Is it not attrocious, villainous? We do not vouch for its authenticity, but we do ſay it has been currently reported and cre-

NORFOLK, Auguſt 4.

Our paper of this day details ſome proceedings that have been adopted in Charleſton and other places, reſpecting the treaty with Britain—It muſt animate every real friend of America to behold the fathers of our independence coming forth upon this important occaſion, and expreſſing their ſentiments with manly firmneſs, and with the ſpirit of 1776. The criſis is important; and our citizens ſhould rouſe themſelves into action. From north to ſouth there appears to be but one common ſentiment that of reprobating the treaty. To morrow the citizens of the county and borough of Norfolk and the town of Portſmouth, are to aſſemble on this occaſion. We cannot forbear to expreſs our wiſhes that the meeting may be numerous, and that its deliberations may be conducted with the utmoſt harmony and moderation.

RICHMOND, Auguſt 8.

The following is copied from Mr. Davis's Gazette of Wedneſday laſt.

Notice is hereby given,

That in caſe the Treaty entered into by that d—n Arch Traitor J—n J—y with the Britiſh tyrant ſhould be ratified—A petition will be preſented to the next General Aſſembly of Virginia at their next ſeſſion, praying that the ſaid ſtate may recede from the Union, and be left under the government and protection of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND FREE AND INDEPENDENT VIRGINIANS.

P. S. As it is the wiſh of the people of the ſaid ſtate, to enter into a *treaty of Amity, Commerce and Navigation*, with any other ſtate, or ſtates of the preſent Union, who are averſe to returning again under the galling yoke of Great Britain.—The Printers of the (at preſent) United States are requeſted to publiſh the above notification.

Richmond July 30, 1795.

PITTSBURGH, Auguſt 8.

We have various accounts from Greenville, Head-Quarters of General Wayne—by ſome we are told, that the Indians are coming in to the treaty; by others, that thoſe who had come in, were going off again. The latter we think moſt probable, as we well know our *friends* the Britiſh will ſpare no pains to fruſtate any deſign which may be ſerviceable to the United States, and more ſo when they hear of the oppoſition to the treaty with them.

Extract of a letter by the laſt arrival from a gentleman in Havre, to his correſpondent in New York.

I have been ſeveral leagues into the country, and find it exceeds for proſpect and cultivation, every thing I ever ſaw or read of. They are building a kind of gun boat here to carry 200 men each, and launch one almoſt every day. All the merchantmen and prizes in this port are fitting up for tranſports, amounting to near a thouſand, five ſhips of war and three frigates (two on the ſtocks 7 days ago to be equipped by the 10th of June) 30,000 volunteers and 170,000 regulars to embark perhaps for England. This is Yankee Doodle fighting my friend.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The NATURALIST—No III, ſhall appear in our next.

THE affecting incidents of ALBERTUS's adventure, who was "ſhipwrecked in a boat;" excite as little commiſeration, as the fate of Paddy from Cork, who was raft away upon a cabbage ſtalk.

R. E's ſtanzas and particularly the lines—

"To marry oh could I but get her willing
"I'd give my true love 50 ſhilling"

are nicely adapted to the air of *turn it turn it*, and would ſound rapturouſly to the banjo or horſe fiddle.

"O. Z's rhapſodic ode to Luna" is a *mere abſtract of nonſenſe.*

'JUSTUS's' pretty little panegyric on the treaty, would afford no *treat* to our readers.

A variety of pieces under conſideration.

IS NOW IN THE PRESS,

And will be publiſhed with all poſſible expedition,

CALVARY;

Or, The Death of Chriſt:

A POEM, IN EIGHT BOOKS.

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

SUCH perſons as are ſtill in poſſeſſion of ſubſcription papers for the above work, are reſpectfully requeſted to forward them to

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FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Meſſrs. Printers,

The following ſcrap being the propoſed exordium to a deſcriptive poem, may not be deemed altogether unintereſting to your readers. The relation which ſhould have ſucceeded is of a moſt affecting nature, prohibited from meeting the public eye by an event which mars the mightieſt ſublunary projects, viz. *death*—The ſubject of the meditated poem, cauſed the author's ſudden diſſolution. The unfortunate youth fell an untimely prey to a too great ſenſibility of mind!

TO ADOLPHUS.

"WOES cluſter,"* agonizing ſorrows riſe
Diſtilling drops ſuffuſe the o'erfraught eyes;
In various forms inclement ills combin'd,
Pervade and cloud the ſunſhine of the mind;
Deſtroy each tranquil gleam of bland delight
And whelm the ſoul in ſable ſhades of night.
Seraphic odours fill the ambient air,
And love-ſick gales ſalute the blooming fair;
Impreſſive fancy draws the vivid line,
And hope illuſive ſtamps the bold deſign;
Through ſcenes tranſporting thought ideal ſtrays,
Explores extatic joys of future days!—
Love's radiant plumes awake the latent ſigh,
The ſilent ſolicitation of the eye,
The tim'rous glance, impaſſion'd, pure deſire,
Of youthful ardour, love-inſpiring fire:
Thoſe paſſions deſtructive with coercive ſway
Deſtroy our hopes and clouds the ſplendent day!
Ceaſe, blandiſhments of life,—forever ceaſe—
Ye proffer more the olive-branch of peace;
Ye ſorrow-weigns, my only conſort now,
Before her ſcourged furies I proſtrate bow:—
Ceaſe then nor violate the laſt remains,
Of tearful pleaſures—ſad—yet pleaſing pains.
Death friendly viſitant—thrice welcome gueſt,
Give liberty—abſolve—eternal reſt!—
Extatic ſound!—the tear-diſſolving eye
Rekindles at the ſound—*frail man muſt die!*
Through fancy's eye impriſon'd ſouls explore
Thoſe myſtic viſions on a bliſsful ſhore,
Where light untarniſh'd ſhall forever reign
Where blooming peace dilates the ſtarry plain;
Where friendſhip triumphs on a happier ſhore
And baneful tyrant vice can charm no more!

*Dr. Young. † Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Meſſrs. Printers,

THE moſt infallible criterion by which we may deſignate a candidate of aſſiſm, is the practice of arraigning the conduct of thoſe editors, to whom a writer communicates his productions for publication. This is a forcible implication of idiotiſm, and well might you check the inſolence and preſumption of your "ſelf-created" cenſor Aquaris, whoſe puſillanimity of intellect induced him to aſſume the office of dictatorſhip to the Minerva. Are you to act in conformity to the dictates of ſuch philoſophical quacks? can the character of your paper only be ſupported by the remonſtrances of ſuch grovelling geniuſſes? Should the ſcum of literature, be the beacon of rectitude? No,—if the froth of ſuch paralytic imaginations ſupercede your judgment, your paper will ſoon be wrecked upon the ſhoals of error.

A want of plauſibility in controverſial writing, intimates an imbecility of judgment, but Mr. Aquaris in the aſſected gravity of his wiſdom, gives his opponent a logical proof of his ignorance. Inſtances of this nature ſeldom occur, and our ſcribbler's fuſtian when ſubjected to the analyſis of criticiſm, betrays a poverty of knowledge that one would think impoſſible to flow even from the pen of an oyſterman.

After expreſſing his "ſurpriſe" that you ſhould have the temerity to make your paper "the vehicle of theological diſquiſition," he proceeds moſt mathematically to caſt an odium upon your correſpondent, by the appellation of "ſelf-created Naturaliſt." This is the firſt logical proof of our booby's weakneſs, and it excites our aſtoniſhment that a ſcribe of the loweſt grade of reflection, ſhould palm his inſtinct upon a judicious public, for the ſublimer knowledge of philoſophy. Is there infamy in the circumſtance of ſelf-creation? If there is, then is your ſcribbler the victim of his own obloquy; except he ſuppoſes himſelf to be claſſed among thoſe inſpired writers who were created by the decrees of heaven.

Can any one who reflects upon his uſe of the word ſelf-created, refrain from laughing at the childiſhneſs of this antiquated expreſſion, when applied to mathematical deductions? Are obloquy and ſelf-creation of ſynonymous import? then your philoſophical fool ought not only to ſnarl at himſelf as a ſelf-created ſcribbler, but at all the authors that ever exiſted. His ignorance perhaps prompted him to imagine that becauſe this had formerly been an epithet of executive reprobation againſt ſelf-created ſocieties, it was a term of myſterious ignominy, very a propos upon the preſent occaſion; or a more probable inference is—that he no more comprehended the meaning of the word, than parrots underſtand the ſounds they are taught to articulate.

But let us examine a little more of his conſtant logic. He aſks "Are there no phenomena with which the naturaliſt is acquainted, which might have accelerated this waſting of the rock? Let our eſſayiſt recollect what have been effected by electricity, by earthquakes, by hurricanes, by volcanoes and by inundations." This queſtion is an inconteſtible proof that our philoſopher had not ſufficient penetration to comprehend the meaning of the naturaliſt, whoſe conjecture he expreſsly ſays, is founded upon the ſuppoſition that America under its preſent appearances, is coeval with the firſt formation of matter. Volcanoes, earthquakes, and particular inundations, we may conclude would be ſo far from accelerating the proceſs of this tremendous intrenchment, that they would impede its progreſs, by throwing obſtacles in the way which the water would not remove in many ages. This is a much more rational ſuppoſition, and the world in all probability is even older than 36,760 years. If our ſelf created ſcribbler is capable of thinking, let him think of this. TOBY.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

METHOD OF DESTROYING CATERPILLARS AND MOTH.

IN the courſe of laſt year, I was very much harraſſed by a great number of caterpillars, which infeſted almoſt every tree in my orchard; various means were uſed in vain, to deſtroy them, and at length I was determined to try the effects of Spirit of Turpentine: In order to apply it as ſucceſsfully as poſſible, I wet every neſt on about one third of the trees; other vocations obliging me to defer the remainder until the next day, and returning with a view to compleat the experiment, to my inexpreſſible ſatisfaction, there was not a ſingle one to be found in the whole orchard.

I could not at firſt account for ſo general an effect of the turpentine, not having an idea that it would affect them unleſs immediately applied to their bodies: but the wind, I obſerved, blew in a direction from the trees which had been wet, to thoſe which were not, 'tis therefore evident that the vapour of the turpentine, is the weapon ſo deſtructive to their exiſtence. That being the caſe, I think a much leſs quantity than at firſt I believed neceſſary, will anſwer every purpoſe; I would therefore recommend its application on every ſixth tree, and that they be ſo varied in each row, that, let the wind blow in what direction it may, each will experience its influence.

My ſucceſs in the above inſtance, induced me to try the experiment upon moth, which proved equally ſucceſsful; for this purpoſe I moiſtened ſome pieces of cotton, and placed them in various parts of my cheſt, containing woolen cloaths, its ſalutary effects were very evident, for ſince its application I never have been troubled with them; inſtead of uſing cotton as above mentioned, I now have a vial fixed by means of a wire, to the bottom of the cheſt, which I have filled with turpentine and left unſtopped, ſo that by this means the cloaths are prevented from getting greaſed; they will however contract ſome ſmell of the turpentine; but this will entirely paſs off in one or two days at fartheſt.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

Meſſrs. Printers,

By inſerting the following, you will oblige a conſtant reader.

"NO FARTHER CAN SHE GO."

THIS is the language of a coquette—one day ſhe will make you believe that you are her hearts delight, and the next day you may go to the devil for what ſhe cares; as to her having love or paſſions for any one it is a meer farce, ſhe don't know what love is; all ſhe thinks of, is a number of admirers with whom ſhe may fardle* and play, and ſhe will keep them all in ſuſpence, each one thinking that he has the pre-eminence, till they put the queſtion to her, will you have me? then they receive for anſwer, "I never mean to marry." But ſhe will always take care to have one, or two, conſtantly on the liſt, ſo that ſhe may not be without ſome to fardle and play with. A coquette generally looks out for one that can flatter, though ſhe will tell you ſhe hates it, and don't believe that what they ſay is true. And ſhe wonders how the men can think that the women are ſuch fools, and have ſo much vanity as to believe that all the men ſay is true, and if any one talks of coquetry in her company, ſays "ſhe don't believe there ever was ſuch a being in the world," whereas her own conduct beſpeaks the truth of the aſſertion. May ſuch meet their juſt reward, is the prayer of OLD GRUB.

*The author's meaning here is not rightly underſtood.

Private Tuition.

THE ſubſcription ſchool formerly kept in 4th, near Walnut-ſtreet, is removed to a large, commodious, airy room, No. 51 Fifth-ſtreet, firſt door up the alley, near the French conſulate. This ſchool is now conducted by an Engliſh and a French man; the former Profeſſor from the Univerſity of Cambridge, member of the literary ſociety of New-York, and tranſlator of the Obſerver's Guide; the latter, a magiſtrate of diſtinguiſhed abilities from Paris. The pupils (a limited number only) are inſtructed in the Engliſh and French languages, the claſſics, mathematics, and all other branches of a liberal education, fitting for the various offices and employments of life.

The ſubſcribers two in rotation viſit the ſchool, once every week, and at the end of every quarter have a general meeting to examine into the progreſs of the pupils, and hear them declaim in French and Engliſh. To them is ſubmitted the ſyſtem of education compoſed by the teachers, with ſuch improvements as they conceive a change of times and circumſtances has rendered neceſſary; tending to ſmooth and ſhorten the road to uſeful knowledge.

Thoſe who wiſh to become ſubſcribers are requeſted to apply at the office of the editors of the Obſerver's Guide, ſouth 5th ſtreet No. 55.